

For Ezra Pound

Ezra, are you gone?

Yes, you are --

Flown where silence flies,
Into itself, itself, itself;
Flown where passionate body dies.

Can you remember how it was?

Or are all memories lies --

Leeches, tickling phantom shapes,
Corkscrew images and Chinese apes,
Symbols scrambled into jars

Of mind, the grammar of your scars?

How deep within yourself is sleep?

How fragile do your rhythms keep?

Odes and cantos, black on white,

Do they tempt you in the night?

Ezra, are you gone?

Yes, you are --

Flown where creation starts,
Into itself, itself, itself;
Flown where beauty breaks our hearts.

Can you remember how it was,

Or have you lost the precious parts?

It makes no difference if you look.

Go tear the fragile dumb-born book.

King Ch'eng left his monuments.

You have yours, the sacraments

Of words that shall go beyond your age.

Then I cannot think of you and rage

Against injustice and ignoble strife.

You have done what there was to do with life.

--Richard Dokey